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VOLUME XXIV.—NUMBER 38.

Choice Loctry. MARCUS ANTONIUS.

The vain. Fonteun:—As the half-tamed steed, Scenting the dewert, lashes maskly out, And strains and storms and struggles to be freed, Shaking his rattling harmons all abouters, there for rectarint, here in my brusal. Hot passion rages, firing every thought; For what is honce, prodessoe, interest. To the wild strength of love? O, best of life, My lov, bilas, triample, glory, my south wife, My Geopatra. I desire three se, Tint all restraint to the wild winds I throw, Come what comes will, come death, to me The qual, if again I the that I rage. With madence is the both that I rage. The strong destroyed throughts round, and inflames my bring. But the transent, the fierce strain That whith the transent has been been presented by the complete them. Nothing can assuage the product artend cycs—dark eyes, that draw My being to them with a subtle law, and an almost divine imperiousness. Tell for that I do not live until I feel. The that I do not live until I feel. The through cach vein Ricetric absorb its lightning; and again.

Bear these low tones of hers, alliengylithey steal, As by some serpent-charm, my will away.

Oh! Octavia. HT WILLIAM W, STORT.

And wreck my manhood.

This lying galls me, and 'the worse than vain; Life is too short to waste in iver's pretense. In the bless shadow of insilfat roue, And you—what are you but a galling chain! I hate you that I cannot hate you more. Even hate for you is only cold and dull—Cold as your heart, and dull as is your sense. Were you but a varge, wicked to the core. Leas pions, prudish, prodest, made to rule. I might have loved or hated more, but now Nothing on earth seems half so deadly chill. As your insight and made made in the form of the core of the core of the core. I may be suffered to the core of the core can centuries.
i her, till I see
ive—that Rome to me
that I know not what i—
of feeling, space and spat,
where she is not; Is hateful. Tell be with I know not want. That every thought and feeling, space and a like an nigly dream, where she he not. All persons plagues, all desires went man and I laking captly a III these feasts and frier These slaves and courtiers, princes, induces This Cessur, with the sellide aims and ends, His only ways and sleek by speciales—This Leptinus; and worse tiam all, by far, This mawkish, pions, prude, Octavia—Are books and letters, tedjons as disease, Not worth the parings of her fanger pasile.

Not worth the parings of her finger nails.

O for a breath of Egypt !—the soft nights
Of the voluntume East—the dear delights
We tasted there—the home perfumed gales
That dream about the low shows of the Nile,
And softly flutter in the languid sails:
th, for the Queen of all—for the rich smile.
That glass the Autumn over her dark ince—
For her large nature—her enchanting proce—
Her arms, that are away so many a mile?
A way, Fonten !—low no hour—make sale—
Weigh anchor on the instant—woon a gale—
Weigh anchor on the instant—woon a gale—
Yea had your very heels across the sea.
Praying that Negatine senal me storms as afrong
As Passion is, to sweep me swift along.
Till the white spray sings whisting round my proof and the waves gurgle health the keel's sharp place
Fly, fly, Fontens? When I think of her,
My soul within my body is natir!
My blood with pulses, and my bot cheeks glow!
Love with its madness averwhelms me so.
That I—Oh ! go, I say! Fortens, go!

Select Story.

KATE YALE'S MARRIAGE.

"If ever I marry," Katie Yale used to say, halt in jest, half in caruest—"if ever I marry, the happy man—or the unhappy one, if you please— ha! ha!—shall be a person possessing these three

"First, a fortune.
"Second, good looks.
"And thirdly, common sense.
"I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three. Aithough I could never think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I could be ashamed of; still I think to talk sense for the one and shine for the other, with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscure-"Dreaming." Dreaming.

Nothing was wanting, in the whole circle of her outward existence, to adorn it, and make it bright with happiness.

But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting within her own breast. Her friends were numerous; her husband tender, kind and loving; but all the attentions and affections she enjoyed could not fill her heart.

She had once felt its chords of sympathy noved by a skillful touch; she had known the heavenly charm of their deep, delicious harmony; and now they were silent—motionless—muffled, so to speak, in silks and satins. These chords still and soundless, her heart was dead; not the less so because it had been killed by a golden shaft. Having known and felt the life of sympathy in love, she could not but mourn for it, unconsoled by the life of luxury. In short, Katie in time become magnificently miserable, splendidly unhappy.

Then a change became apparent in her husband. He could not longer remain blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gayety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his son!. This shadow of joy was unsatisfactory, however; and impelled by powerful longings for love, he went astray, to warm his heart by a strange fire. Katie saw herself now in the midst of a gorgeous desolation, burning with a hunger, not all the food of flattery and admiration could appease.

She reproached her husband for deserting her thus; and he answered with angry and desperate tannts of deception, and a total lack of love, which smote her conscience heavily.

"You do not care for me," he cried—"then Miscellancous.

Andreys was already to the second property of the control of the c

INGERSOLL VS. COMEGYS. Pagan Bob's Opinion of the Judge who Asked for His Indictment.

Scaling or searching, in the whole detailed for product of the company with the product of the company of the c

constructions where the control of the distribution of the distrib

would apply the lash to the naked back of aniin the opinion referred to (State vs. Chandler,
2 Har. 564.) If men can find in the assumed
revealments of science, or the "potency of mattier," a reason for rejecting the God of the Bible,
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GOD BAVE THE TOWN.

BY NOBLE PRESTIS

sport in his body. For twenty years, mishe to walk, plan she here a bed-disider cripple. For all the street was informed 'Vo answer,' and is thought to have samped here. An in the street was informed 'Vo answer,' and is thought to have samped here. The street was informed in a content of the street of the contract in the street of the street of the contract in the street of the street of the contract in the street of the

ALASKA, with its 20,146 inhabitants and its an-unal product of \$1,650,000 worth of fars and \$50,-worth of fah, is not such a bad purchase as has been supposed.—X. T. Moil.

THE FRAUDS OF THE BONAPARTES. Did Napoleon Bounparte Ever Exist? A Star tling Bistorical Theory.

One Colonel Jung has published, in Paris, a book which he claims to explode the Bonaparte traditional legend, as he calls it. The Junciosa gives a careful review of the work:

There is hardly a singular popular belief concerning Napoleon that is correct. His bulietins and dispatches never marrated faithfully the events that inspired their composition. From jealousy or policy he ignored Generals who had performed important actions, and attributed imaginary exploits to others who had not even been present on the field. His correspondence, given to the world with so much pretense of fidelity, was carefully edited, and the editors left out the very letters which would have revealed the man under the imperial mantle. The memorial of St. Helena was "crooked," and the brutality of Sir Hudson Lowe, is as purely mythical as the treason of Gronchy. No ancedote has been more widely cited, as illustrating the fascination he exercised over his associates, than that of Lannes' death and dying words. We know, upon Napoleon's own anthority, that he invented the speech, and Lannes disliked him. Every one who thinks of Napoleon, thinks of him as possessing a great head, and wearing a small cocked hat. In point of fact, his skull was of ordinary size, and his "little hat" was a gigantic one.

Colonel Jung, however, has gone farther than

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MY AUNT. BY OLIVER WENDELL BOUNDS

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt! Long years have o'er ber flown; Yet still she strains the aching clasp That binds her virgin zone; I know it hurts her-though she locks As electrial as she can; Her wais! is ampler than her life, For life is but a span.

My aunt! my paor deluded aunt! Her hair is almost gray; Why will she train that Winter cur! In such a Spring-like way! How can she lay her glasses down, And say she rends as well. When, through a double convex lens, She just makes out to spell!

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
This certing lip its smiles—
Yowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles;
He sent her to a stylish school;
Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
Two towels and a spece.

They braced my aunt against a beard,
To make her straight and tall;
They heed her up, they starved her down,
To make make her light and small;
They pirched her fact, they singed her hair,
They pirched her fact, they singed her hair,
On martal never saffered more
in peasure for her aim:

it.

I shel live somehow, even ef the kentry is presperons, and the Dimocrisy are kept out nv power. The Providence that notes the fall uv a sparrer, will brood over me. Let the kentry never mind me, but go on and prosper. Ef the kentry kiu stand it, I kin.

Petrotrep V Nassay PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Followed Gould's Advice.

PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATIONS. A Running Shetch of Them All, from Wash ington's Down to the Preparations for Gar field's.

A Running Sheech of Them All, from Washington's Down to the Preparations for Gircid's.

It is easy enough to picture the pageants that have passed down Pennsylvania Avenue, every four years, since 1733, when President Washington, escorted by the Freemassus of Maryland and Virginia, in full regalia, and surrounded by members of his Administration, moved in procession along the pathway cut through an ablet swamp, from the White House to the site of the present capital, to lay the corner stone of the Nation's sanctuary. There was hardly a building in sight along the march of two miles, and in many places the pathway, which is now the finest avenue in the world, with its broad sweep and splendid pavement, was a dreary waste of bottomiess mnd.

John Adams was inaugurated at Philadelphia, hence there was nothing particularly striking about his first journey from the White House to the Capitol. Jefferson was the first President inaugurated in Washington, and his initiation into the Executive office was not particularly impressive. Much alo has since been made of the fact that he rode alone from the White House to the Capitol, on March 4, 1804, and, after tying his steed to the fonce, waked up the steps alone, and took the oath of office from the Chief Justice. He has been given a great deal of credit for the Republican simplicity displayed on that occasion, and for the absence of military pomp and parade at his imaguration. Undoubtedly, Jefferson was Republican in his tastes, but he could hardly have gotten up much of a show, even if he had tried, and nobody else seemed to think of such a thing. There were no military organizations whose main ambition was displayed at that time, and travelling was neither so rapid nor so comfortable then as now.

At his second inauguration, Mr. Jefferson rode on horseback from the White House to the Capitol, accompanied by some fifty or sixty friends, also mounted.

There was little pomp or circumstance about any succeeding imanguration, till the first of

ly ever be duplicated in this or any other country.

The historic associations which cling to this grand promenade are many and interesting, but it would take too long to recall even the most striking of them here. One of the mean noted landmarks of the south side of the avenue is the old tavern established by Andrew Hancock, in 1840, and still owned by him, though now managed by his son. Few of the men who have cut a large figure in American politics in the last fifty years have not crossed their legs under old man Hancock's mahogany, or tasted his choice liquors. Daniel Webster and Henry Clay were his most constant patrons in their time, and Calhoun, Cass, Benton, Mason, Sidell, Buchanan, Jeff. Davis, Douglas, John P. Hale, and scores of others, took their toddy at his bar, in the sublime consciousness that the stuff was straight.—Haskington Correspondent Globe-Democrat.

The following remarkable letter from Fernan-do Wood to Governor Wise, of Virginia, advis-

Fernando Wood Pleading for Old John Brown.

The following remarkable letter from Fernando Wood to Governor Wise, of Virginia, advising the commutation of John Brown's sentence to imprisonment for life, has been printed:

New York, November 2, 1859.—The Hon. H. A.

Bise:—My Dran Sir:—Read this letter over carefully, and, whether concurring or not in its view, believe it emanates from your friend, and a man who has a thorough knowledge of the pulse of the people of the free States. Your proceedings and conduct thus far, in the matter of the compiracy at Harper's Ferry, meet with general approval, and client commendation from your creamies. The firmness and moderation which have characterized your course can not be too highly applanded, and to-day you stand higher than any other man in the Union. Now, my friend, dare you do a bold thing, and 'temper justice with mercy?" Have you nerve enough to send Brown to the State Prisem for life, instead of hanging him! Or, rather, I should ask whether such a course would be consistent with your own sense of duty, for I know that that is the sole controller of your official conduct. Brown is looked upon here as the mere crazy or foolhardy emissary of other men. Circumstances create a sympathy for him, even with the most ultra friends of the South. I am of this latter class, as by recent speeches you may have observed. No Southern man could go further than myself in behalf of Southern rights, but yet, were I the Governor of Virginia, Brown should not be hung, though Sewrad should be, if I could catch him, and in such a course my conduct would be governed by sound policy. The South will gain by showing that it can be magnanimous to a fanatic in its power. We who fight its battles can gain largely by pointing to such an instance of "chivalry," You can judge of Southern sentiment better than myself; I can judge of Southern sentiment better than upself; I can judge of Northern sentiment better than you. If the South will sustain an act, the whole North will rise up en masse to app